

passed are sweet to remember, others are sad. At some places it was rough for our feet, oftentimes because we went out of the beaten road into by-paths and thickets. We expected and promised ourselves, as we do with every coming New Year, to be better and to do many things that should be helpful to our fellow-travelers, our companions on the journey. Of course, in looking back, we see we did not accomplish half of what we intended to in that direction. And at this very even-tide of the year our hearts are filled with regrets. But it is not wise to dwell on our failures in the past, only as it will help us to be more faithful in the future.

With most of us our lives are lived mainly in the family. Here are our successes and our failures made, and the results known and felt by those whom we love best on earth and who love us best. Life has its sharp points, even in the home circle, and home may be made the sweetest place on earth, or it may be a place of disquiet and bickering.

Never was there more need of a higher valuation put upon the home life. There are so many things to decoy the father and mother and the young people away from the evening gathering in the home. The even-tide of the year is a good time to think of this, for the even-tide of life is akin to it. We cannot always be ministering to those we love on earth, or they to us. Homes are broken up, loved ones pass away from us. It seems unaccountable how lightly many, who have the power to make a home happy, hold that power. Outside interests have the larger part of their time and thought. Father is off to his club, mother is engaged in some enterprise—all right in itself, perhaps, if there were not the home duties and the children to be neglected by it.

The young people have their interests in social duties, and in some homes, it seems to be the aim to get out as soon as possible after imperative duties are done. The joy of service in the home is lost sight of. There are many who have no home, especially young people, who have gone out into the world to fight its battles. In a well ordered Christ-serving home, what a bright spot would it make in many a home-sick heart, to be invited to come in and sit down by the hearth stone, to have a bit of mothering given by the home-loving, home-staying mother, or some kindly counsel offered in a Christian spirit by the wise father of the family. There are many, many home-sick ones to be ministered unto, and especially at the even tide of the year, when there is a sort of desolation in Nature's pictures.

"It was said of a beautiful Christian woman, after she had passed away from earth, that wherever she went the air was sweeter after she had passed by. It is such an influence as this we should all seek to leave behind us wherever we go, says Rev. J. R. Miller, in 'The Joy of Service.' To do this, we must train ourselves to consume our own selfishness, to repress our discontents, to bear in silence the trials and suf-

ferings of our life, to endure in sweet patience the things that are disagreeable and unpleasant, and to give out to others and to the world only sweetness and light, however keen our own pain or heavy our burden."

Is not this even-tide of the year the time for us to think of making our lives sweet, and to ask help from our Father in heaven, to enable us to begin the New Year with strength of purpose to make every one with whom we come in contact happier. Most especially let us keep our homes full of love light, that those who dwell with us may remember them in after life as the dearest place on all the earth.—The Evangelist.

#### Workers Among Perfume

Only the other day, in reading a long account of the methods of making perfume in Southern Europe, we noticed the fact that workers in the perfume factories are said to be exceptionally healthy on account of the hygienic effects of the flower odors. All the work is concerned with the flowers; they are harvested, sorted, treated by various long processes, and their scent is forever in the air round the workers. The result is marked, and ruddy faces, bright eyes, and healthy bodies, are seen everywhere in the factories.

Is not this one of nature's parables—an analogy that fits at once into our daily lives, tho they be lives of toil? The worker who dwells in an atmosphere of sweet and lovely fragrance of spirit is the worker who endures and achieves.

When the apostle tells us to think upon "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," he counsels us to surround ourselves, so to speak, with the perfume of spiritual loveliness, and breathe it in with every breath we draw. The soul that lives in fragrance of cheerfulness is made proof against all morbid maladies of spirit; the soul that is surrounded by an atmosphere of of purity and truth is shielded thus, invisibly, from temptation and evil. Faith and love and joy form a vital air in which all can work at their best, and live their best. Shall we not seek to have this fragrance of spirit in our daily lives, if we would live wisely and healthfully?—Ex.

#### Who Was Rich?

"If I were only as rich as he is!" muttered a boy who had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly-dressed boy leaving a baker shop with a basket of whole, fresh loaves.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" said the boy with the fresh loaves, as he saw another boy on a bicycle, munching candy.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" sighed the boy on the bicycle, as another boy rolled past in a pony cart.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" grumbled the boy in the pony cart, as he caught

sight of a lad on the deck of a beautiful private yacht.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" this lucky fellow wished, as his father's yacht cruised in foreign waters, and he spied one day a young prince, attended by a retinue of liveried servants.

"If I were as free as that boy is!" impatiently growled the young prince, thinking of the boy in the yacht.

"If I could drive out alone with a pony and nobody to take care of me but myself!" thought the pampered boy on the yacht.

"If only I could have a good time like that boy on the bicycle!" longed the driver of the pony.

"How happy that boy with the basket looks!" said the boy on the bike.

"If I could relish my dinner as that boy does his crust!" said the baker's boy. I'm sick and tired of bread."

Which one was rich?—Christian Endeavor World.

### Sisters' S. C. E.

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I noticed in the EVANGELIST that I was again called to work. I wish that I could plead with each one of you, personally, in behalf of the great object of so deep interest to myself, and an object which *should* appeal to the love and interest of us all.

I speak of the fund for our superannuated ministers. While strength lasted, they gave it to the master's cause. The heart's best energies, and the brain's best powers were cheerfully and prayerfully spent for others' needs.

Here and there all over the brotherhood these aged servants of God are needing support. There is for their comfort, and may be a little "extra" now and then, more than "the tenth." Thru long years they have given, and how much of our tenth can we now give to them? Are we not called upon to make sacrifices as well as were they? Does God ask from you and me only what we can give *easily*? Do you know we are all of us so much richer than we think we are, and the little amounts we spend for things we could so well do without, are the amounts that could be sanctified for the Master, and could bring us a higher rate of interest than any bank on earth could give. These old ministers, these dear old servants of God, have in days gone by preached to many of us in childhood, and they have named some of us, they have made the last prayer by the death-beds of our dear ones, and they have stood with us by open graves. They have been so near to us in the dear old days, that our faith seemed almost to falter at times until we heard them preach or sing or pray. They never forgot the Master's needy ones, and shall you and I forget *them* now? You mean to give, you say? Then for Christ's dear sake give *now*. I know just how busy each day seems, but I also know, that Christ took time for every call of help, that